Reach for the Stars



*BU/Malden GELL Academy*

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***Efficacious people stick to a task until it is completed. They don't give up easily.***

**"My Name" from *The House on Mango Street***

**Sandra Cisneros**

In English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness, it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse— which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female— but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would’ve liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something, like silver, not quite as thick as sister's name— Magdalena which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.

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**"A House of My Own" from *The House on Mango Street***

**Sandra Cisneros, Excerpted by M. McGowan**



The young woman in this photograph is me when I was writing *The House*

*on Mango Street*. She’s in her office, a room that had probably been a

child’s bedroom when families lived in this apartment. It has no door and is only slightly wider than the walk-in pantry. But it has great light and sits above the hallway door downstairs, so she can hear her neighbors come and go. She’s posed as if she’s just looked up from her work for a moment, but in real life she never writes in this office. She writes in the kitchen, the only room with a heater.

It’s Chicago, 1980, in the down-at-the-heels Bucktown neighborhood before it’s discovered by folks with money. The young woman lives at 1814 N. Paulina Street second floor front. Nelson Algren once wandered these streets. Saul Bellow’s turf was over on Division Street, walking distance away. It’s a neighborhood that reeks of beer and urine, of sausage and beans.

As a girl, she dreamed about having a silent home, just to herself, the way other women dreamed of their weddings. Instead of collecting lace and linen for her trousseau, the young woman buys old things from the thrift stores on grimy Milwaukee Avenue for her future house-of-her-own— faded quilts, cracked vases, chipped saucers, lamps in need of love.

What is the woman in the photograph afraid of? She’s afraid of walking from her parked car to her apartment in the dark. She’s afraid of the scuffling sounds in the walls. She’s afraid she’ll fall in love and get stuck living in Chicago. She’s afraid of ghosts, deep water, rodents, night, things that move too fast— cars, airplanes, her life. She’s afraid she’ll have to move back home again if she isn’t brave enough to live alone.

Throughout all this, I am writing stories to go with that title, *The House on Mango Street*. Sometimes I write about people I remember, sometimes I write about people I’ve just met, often I mix the two together. I pick up parts of Bucktown, like the monkey garden next door, and plop it down in the Humboldt Park block where I lived during my middle and high school years— 1525 N. Campbell Street.

I no longer make Chicago my home, but Chicago still makes its home in me. I have Chicago stories I have yet to write. So long as those stories kick inside me, Chicago will still be home.

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**"No Speak English" from *The House on Mango Street***

**Sandra Cisneros**

Mamacita is the big mama of the man across the street, third-floor front. Rachel says her name ought to be Mamasota, but I think that’s mean.

The man saved his money to bring her here. He saved and saved because she was alone with the baby boy in that country. He worked two jobs. He came home late and he left early. Every day.

Then one day Mamacita and the baby boy arrived in a yellow taxi. The taxi door opened like a waiter’s arm. Out stepped a tiny pink shoe, a foot soft as a rabbit’s ear, then the thick ankle, a flutter of hips, fuchsia roses and green perfume. The man had to pull her, the taxicab driver had to push. Push, pull. Push, pull. Poof!

All at once she bloomed. Huge, enormous, beautiful to look at, from the salmon-pink feather on the tip of her hat down to the little rosebuds of her toes. I couldn’t take my eyes off her tiny shoes.

Up, up, up the stairs she went with the baby boy in a blue blanket, the man carrying her suitcases, her lavender hatboxes, a dozen boxes of satin high heels. Then we didn’t see her.

Somebody said because she’s too fat, somebody because of the three flights of stairs, but I believe she doesn’t come out because she is afraid to speak English, and maybe this is so since she only knows eight words. She knows to say: He not here for when the landlord comes, No speak English if anybody else comes, and Holy smokes. I don’t know where she learned this, but I heard her say it one time and it surprised me.

My father says when he came to this country he ate hamandeggs for three months. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Hamandeggs. That was the only word he knew. He doesn’t eat hamandeggs anymore.

Whatever her reasons, whether she is fat, or can’t climb the stairs, or is afraid of English, she won’t come down. She sits all day by the window and plays the Spanish radio show and sings all the homesick songs about her country in a voice that sounds like a seagull.

Home. Home. Home is a house in a photograph, a pink house, pink as hollyhocks with lots of startled light. The man paints the walls of the apartment pink, but it’s not the same, you know. She still sighs for her pink house, and then I think she cries. I would.

Sometimes the man gets disgusted. He starts screaming and you can hear it all the way down the street.

Ay, she says, she is sad.

Oh, he says. Not again.

*¿Cuándo, cuándo, cuándo?* she asks.

*¡Ay, caray!* We are home. This *is* home. Here I am and here I stay. Speak English. Speak English. Christ!

*¡Ay! Mamacita*, who does not belong, every once in a while lets out a cry, hysterical, high, as if he had torn the only skinny thread that kept her alive, the only road out to that country.

And then to break her heart forever, the baby boy, who has begun to talk, starts to sing the Pepsi commercial he heard on T.V.

No speak English, she says to the child who is singing in the language that sounds like tin. No speak English, no speak English, and bubbles into tears. No, no, no, as if she can’t believe her ears.

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**“Still I Rise”**

**Maya Angelou**

You may write me down in history

With your bitter, twisted lies,

You may trod me in the very dirt

But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?

Why are you beset with gloom?

'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells

Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,

With the certainty of tides,

Just like hopes springing high,

Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?

Bowed head and lowered eyes?

Shoulders falling down like teardrops.

Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?

Don't you take it awful hard

'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines

Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise

That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame

I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

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**“Galapagos Surprise Again With Pink Iguana” 8:00-9:00 PM**

***Weekend All Things Considered*, Jan 10, 2009 pNA**

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REBECCA ROBERTS, host:

Welcome back to All Things Considered from NPR News. I’m Rebecca Roberts. It seems like new species are discovered pretty frequently, but they’re usually tiny things like insects. So how did scientists miss a four-foot-long pink iguana that ’s been around for a few million years? It’s "Science Out of the Box."

(Soundbite of music)

ROBERTS: The Galapagos Islands have been famous for their wildlife ever since Charles Darwin hatched his theories on evolution by studying Galapagos finches. But even Darwin didn’t get everywhere on the Galapagos Islands. And more than 20 years ago, scientists hiking on an island known as Isabela spotted an iguana that was, well, pink. What they didn’t know was whether the pink lizard was a genetic mutation or a whole new species. Now that’s been cleared up by a team led by Italian researcher Gabriele Gentile. Howard Snell of the University of New Mexico is one of the co-authors of a new article about this pink iguana. It was published this week in Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. Howard Snell joins us now from member station KUNM in Albuquerque. Welcome to the program.

Dr. HOWARD SNELL (Professor of Biology, University of New Mexico): Thank you. Glad to be here.

ROBERTS: Describe the pink iguana for us.

Dr. SNELL: They are large, relatively slow animals. And these ones are beautifully pink.

ROBERTS: And the pink color, it’s sort of a pale, fleshy pink from the pictures. Can you describe it for us?

Dr. SNELL: When we first saw them, some of us thought that they were just normal land iguanas that perhaps lacked pigment and therefore had this pinkish color. And we still think that that might be the mechanism of the pink. Because if you squeeze the skin of the pink iguana, it’s kind of like squeezing the tip of your finger and it’ll turn white. And then when you release it, sort of, as the blood flows back in, it turns pink again. And when you get that kind of a coloration, it may be due to the underlying capillaries, the underlying blood in the skin which could be visible, because normal pigment in land iguanas, which makes them show up as being yellow or sort of brownish, might be missing. But that’s all very, very hypothetic, and it’s just an idea at this point.

ROBERTS: I, of course, haven’t spent nearly as much time studying or squeezing iguanas as you have. But just looking at the pictures, it’s pretty unforgettable. It’s - how did it take so long to figure out that this was a distinct lizard?

Dr. SNELL: Sure. That’s a good question. You might say, well, a place like Galapagos where a hundred thousand tourists a year go, how could that happen? And the point is that these occur on the most remote side of the most remote volcano on the largest island in the Galapagos. It’s a very difficult place to visit. And the first time I was up there, which was in the late ’70s, I was probably the 10th or the 15th person who’d ever been to the summit of that volcano. So, it’s not an area that’s visited very much.

ROBERTS: And scientifically, how do you confirm that it is a new species?

Dr. SNELL: Cruz Marquez, the Ecuadorian man who first realized that these things were something special, he was saying, Howard, this is a new a species. And I was saying, well, Cruz, you know, I don’t really think so. I think this is a normal land iguana that just has something wrong with it, and therefore there is an environmentally induced variation that has caused this coloration. And so Cruz and I would go round and round about that.

And about the same time we started working with Gabriele from Italy. And Gabriele starts to look at the genetics and the blood and things like that, and that’s the work that was just published in the PDS paper which shows that these lizards are very, very distinct from Galapagos land iguanas and therefore are a distinct species.

ROBERTS: I understand the species doesn’t yet have a Latin name?

Dr. SNELL: Discovering a new species is one thing, and then naming it is a practice of taxonomy, and that’s a very formal process, as it should be. And so the next step then is the formal naming of the organism.

ROBERTS: Iguana researcher extraordinaire Howard Snell of the University of New Mexico, thank you so much for joining us.

Dr. SNELL: Thank you. Very glad to be here.

ROBERTS: And if you want to get a look at that pink iguana, go to our Web site, npr.org. While you’re there, let us know what you think scientists should name this species. Just drop it in the comments area.

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Empathy







Wisdom is the reward for a lifetime of listening.

Let the wise listen and add to their learning and let the discerning get guidance –

Proverbs 1:5

[](http://www.google.com/url?sa=i&rct=j&q=Empathy&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&uact=8&docid=i7TslwIlT50rmM&tbnid=pxKNY7E94GF6LM:&ved=0CAUQjRw&url=http://cultureofempathy.com/References/Experts/Jeremy-Rifkin.htm&ei=gduVU8a4MomLyASj_ILoCw&psig=AFQjCNHhNXZItqMV7U5040LGNgQoMZvRyw&ust=1402415739152657)

**What is EMPATHY?**

**Full Definition of *EMPATHY***

The feeling that you understand and share another person's experiences and emotions

* He felt great *empathy* with/for/toward the poor.

The ability to share someone else's feelings

* His months spent researching prison life gave him greater *empathy* towards/for convicts.

**Examples of *EMPATHY***

1. He felt great *empathy* with the poor.
2. His months spent researching prison life gave him greater *empathy* towards convicts.
3. Poetic *empathy* understandably seeks a strategy of identification with victims … —Helen Vendler, *New Republic*, 5 May 2003
4. This is tough love with a vengeance, but what a gruesome view of God's saints bereft of all *empathy*. —Sidney Callahan, *Commonweal*, 19 Apr. 2002
5. Enter a new inmate … a giant black man with a gift of preternatural *empathy*; he can literally suck the pain out of people. —Richard Corliss, *Time*, 13 Dec. 1999
6. But in all those years of young womanhood, my Do-Unto-Others *empathy* never extended beyond sharing a trolley seat. —Lois Mark Stalvey, *The Education of a WASP*, 1989

**Origin of *EMPATHY***

Greek *empatheia,* literally, passion, from *empathēs* emotional, from *em-* + *pathos* feelings, emotion — more at [pathos](http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/pathos)

First Known Use: 1850

Source: <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/empathy>

Listening is the beginning of understanding.....

**“I Have a Dream”**

**Martin Luther King Jr.**

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check -- a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quick sands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. They have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone.

As we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied, as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "For Whites Only". We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American Dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; one day right there in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring."

And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California!

But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

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**DNC Keynote Address, 2004 (excerpt)**

**Barack Obama**

Tonight is a particular honor for me because, let’s face it, my presence on this stage is pretty unlikely. My father was a foreign student, born and raised in a small village in Kenya. He grew up herding goats, went to school in a tin-roof shack. His father -- my grandfather -- was a cook, a domestic servant to the British.

But my grandfather had larger dreams for his son. Through hard work and perseverance my father got a scholarship to study in a magical place, America, that shone as a beacon of freedom and opportunity to so many who had come before.

While studying here, my father met my mother. She was born in a town on the other side of the world, in Kansas. Her father worked on oil rigs and farms through most of the Depression. The day after Pearl Harbor my grandfather signed up for duty; joined Patton’s army, marched across Europe. Back home, my grandmother raised a baby and went to work on a bomber assembly line. After the war, they studied on the G.I. Bill, bought a house through F.H.A., and later moved west all the way to Hawaii in search of opportunity. And they, too, had big dreams for their daughter. A common dream, born of two continents.

My parents shared not only an improbable love, they shared an abiding faith in the possibilities of this nation. They would give me an African name, Barack, or ”blessed,” believing that in a tolerant America your name is no barrier to success. They imagined -- They imagined me going to the best schools in the land, even though they weren’t rich, because in a generous America you don’t have to be rich to achieve your potential.

They're both passed away now. And yet, I know that on this night they look down on me with great pride. They stand here -- And I stand here today, grateful for the diversity of my heritage, aware that my parents’ dreams live on in my two precious daughters. I stand here knowing that my story is part of the larger American story, that I owe a debt to all of those who came before me, and that, in no other country on earth, is my story even possible.

Tonight, we gather to affirm the greatness of our Nation -- not because of the height of our skyscrapers, or the power of our military, or the size of our economy. Our pride is based on a very simple premise, summed up in a declaration made over two hundred years ago: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That is the true genius of America, a faith -- a faith in simple dreams, an insistence on small miracles; that we can tuck in our children at night and know that they are fed and clothed and safe from harm; that we can say what we think, write what we think, without hearing a sudden knock on the door; that we can have an idea and start our own business without paying a bribe; that we can participate in the political process without fear of retribution, and that our votes will be counted -- at least most of the time.

It is that fundamental belief -- It is that fundamental belief: I am my brother’s keeper. I am my sister’s keeper that makes this country work. It’s what allows us to pursue our individual dreams and yet still come together as one American family.

E pluribus unum: "Out of many, one."

There is not a liberal America and a conservative America -- there is the United States of America. There is not a Black America and a White America and Latino America and Asian America -- there’s the United States of America.

I’m not talking about blind optimism here -- the almost willful ignorance that thinks unemployment will go away if we just don’t think about it, or the health care crisis will solve itself if we just ignore it. That’s not what I’m talking about. I’m talking about something more substantial. It’s the hope of slaves sitting around a fire singing freedom songs; the hope of immigrants setting out for distant shores; the hope of a young naval lieutenant bravely patrolling the Mekong Delta; the hope of a millworker’s son who dares to defy the odds; the hope of a skinny kid with a funny name who believes that America has a place for him, too.

Hope -- Hope in the face of difficulty. Hope in the face of uncertainty. The audacity of hope!

In the end, that is God’s greatest gift to us, the bedrock of this nation. A belief in things not seen. A belief that there are better days ahead.

I believe that we can give our middle class relief and provide working families with a road to opportunity.

I believe we can provide jobs to the jobless, homes to the homeless, and reclaim young people in cities across America from violence and despair.

I believe that we have a righteous wind at our backs and that as we stand on the crossroads of history, we can make the right choices, and meet the challenges that face us.

Thank you very much everybody. God bless you. Thank you.

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**“One Today”**

**by Richard Blanco, the 2013 inaugural poet**

One sun rose on us today, kindled over our shores,

peeking over the Smokies, greeting the faces

of the Great Lakes, spreading a simple truth

across the Great Plains, then charging across the Rockies.

One light, waking up rooftops, under each one, a story

told by our silent gestures moving behind windows.

My face, your face, millions of faces in morning’s mirrors,

each one yawning to life, crescendoing into our day:

pencil-yellow school buses, the rhythm of traffic lights,

fruit stands: apples, limes, and oranges arrayed like rainbows

begging our praise. Silver trucks heavy with oil or paper—

bricks or milk, teeming over highways alongside us,

on our way to clean tables, read ledgers, or save lives—

to teach geometry, or ring-up groceries as my mother did

for twenty years, so I could write this poem.

All of us as vital as the one light we move through,

the same light on blackboards with lessons for the day:

equations to solve, history to question, or atoms imagined,

the “I have a dream” we keep dreaming,

or the impossible vocabulary of sorrow that won’t explain

the empty desks of twenty children marked absent

today, and forever. Many prayers, but one light

breathing color into stained glass windows,

life into the faces of bronze statues, warmth

onto the steps of our museums and park benches 2

as mothers watch children slide into the day.

One ground. Our ground, rooting us to every stalk

of corn, every head of wheat sown by sweat

and hands, hands gleaning coal or planting windmills

in deserts and hilltops that keep us warm, hands

digging trenches, routing pipes and cables, hands

as worn as my father’s cutting sugarcane

so my brother and I could have books and shoes.

The dust of farms and deserts, cities and plains

mingled by one wind—our breath. Breathe. Hear it

through the day’s gorgeous din of honking cabs,

buses launching down avenues, the symphony

of footsteps, guitars, and screeching subways,

the unexpected song bird on your clothes line.

Hear: squeaky playground swings, trains whistling,

or whispers across café tables, Hear: the doors we open

for each other all day, saying: hello, shalom,

buon giorno, howdy, Namaste, or buenos días

in the language my mother taught me—in every language

spoken into one wind carrying our lives

without prejudice, as these words break from my lips.

One sky: since the Appalachians and Sierras claimed

their majesty, and the Mississippi and Colorado worked

their way to the sea. Thank the work of our hands:

weaving steel into bridges, finishing one more report

for the boss on time, stitching another wound 3

or uniform, the first brush stroke on a portrait,

or the last floor on the Freedom Tower

jutting into a sky that yields to our resilience.

One sky, toward which we sometimes lift our eyes

tired from work: some days guessing at the weather

of our lives, some days giving thanks for a love

that loves you back, sometimes praising a mother

who knew how to give, or forgiving a father

who couldn’t give what you wanted.

We head home: through the gloss of rain or weight

of snow, or the plum blush of dusk, but always—home,

always under one sky, our sky. And always one moon

like a silent drum tapping on every rooftop

and every window, of one country—all of us—

facing the stars

hope—a new constellation

waiting for us to map it,

waiting for us to name it—together.

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**“If The World Were a Village of 100 People"**

**Victor Richards**

In the world today, 6 billion 300 million people live.

If this world were shrunk to the size of a village,

What would it look like?

If 100 people lived in this village …

52 would be women

48 would be men

30 would be children

70 would be adults,

Among those 7 would be aged.

70 would be non-white,

30 would be white.

61 would be Asians,

13 Africans, 13 from North and South America,

12 Europeans, and the remaining one from the South Pacific.

33 would be Christians,

19 believe in Islam,

13 would be Hindus, and

6 would follow Buddhist teaching.

5 would believe that there are spirits in the trees and rocks and in all of nature,

24 would believe in other religions or no religion.

17 would speak Chinese,

9 English,

8 Hindi and Urdu,

6 Spanish, 6 Russian and 4 would speak Arabic.

That would account for half the village.

The other half would speak Bengal, Portuguese,

Indonesian, Japanese, German, French, or some other languages.

In such a village, with so many sorts of folks,

it would be very important to learn to understand people different from yourself,

and to accept others as they are.

But consider this

Of the 100 people in this village,

20 are undernourished,

1 is dying of starvation, while 15 are overweight.

Of the wealth in this village, 6 people own 59%,

- all of them from the U.S.A. -

74 people own 39%, and 20 people share the remaining 2%.

Of the energy of this village,

20 people consume 80%, and 80 people share the remaining 20%.

75 people have some supply of food and a place to shelter

from the wind and the rain, but 25 do not.

17 have no clean, safe water to drink.

If you have money in the bank, money in your wallet and spare change somewhere around the house,

you are among the richest 8.

If you have a car, you are among the richest 7.

Among the villagers, 1 has a college education, 2 have computers, 14 cannot read.

If you can speak and act according to your faith and your conscience without harassment, imprisonment, torture of death, then you are more fortunate than 48,

who can not.

If you do not live in fear of death by bombardment,

armed attack, landmines, or rape or kidnapping by armed groups,

then you are more fortunate than 20 who do.

In one year, 1 person in the village will die,

but in the same year, 2 babies will be born.

So that at the year’s end, the number of villagers will be 101.

Someone once said: ‘what you send out comes back to you again’.

So SING from bottom of your heart, DANCE with your body waving free,

and LIVE, putting your heart and soul into it.

And when you love, love as though you have never been wounded, even if you have.

And love the fact that you, and others, live here, in this village.

Perhaps, if enough of us learn to love our village

it may yet be possible to save it from the violence that is tearing it apart.

**Famous Quotes on Empathy:**

**Albert Einstein**

"A human being is a part of a whole, called by us "universe", a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings as something separated from the rest... a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty." *Albert Einstein*

**Ansel Adams**

Photography is an investigation of both the outer and the inner worlds. The first experiences with the camera involve looking at the world beyond the lens, trusting the instrument will 'capture' something 'seen.' The terms shoot and take are not accidental; they represent an attitude of conquest and appropriation. Only when the photographer grows into perception and creative impulse does the term make define a condition of empathy between the external and the internal events. *Ansel Adams*

**Atticus Finch**

"If you can learn a simple trick, Scout, you'll get along a lot better with all kinds of folks. You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view, until you climb inside of his skin and walk around in it." *Atticus Finch in To Kill a Mockingbird (1962)*

**Azar Nafisi**

"Only curiosity about the fate of others, the ability to put ourselves in their shoes, and the will to enter their world through the magic of imagination, creates this shock of recognition. Without this empathy there can be no genuine dialogue, and we as individuals and nations will remain isolated and alien, segregated and fragmented." *Azar Nafisi*

“A novel is not an allegory.... It is the sensual experience of another world. If you don't enter that world, hold your breath with the characters and become involved in their destiny, you won't be able to empathize, and empathy is at the heart of the novel. This is how you read a novel: you inhale the experience. So start breathing.” *Azar Nafisi*

“Empathy lies at the heart of Gatsby, like so many other great novels--the biggest sin is to be blind to others' problems and pains. Not seeing them means denying their existence.”

*Azar Nafisi, Reading Lolita in Tehran*

I believe in empathy. I believe in the kind of empathy that is created through imagination and through intimate, personal relationships. I am a writer and a teacher, so much of my time is spent interpreting stories and connecting to other individuals. It is the urge to know more about ourselves and others that creates empathy. Through imagination and our desire for rapport, we transcend our limitations, freshen our eyes, and are able to look at ourselves and the world through a new and alternative lens. *Azar Nafisi*

This experience in my life reinforces my belief in the mysterious connections that link individuals to each other despite their vast differences. No amount of political correctness can make us empathize with a child left orphaned in Darfur or a woman taken to a football stadium in Kabul and shot to death because she is improperly dressed. Only curiosity about the fate of others, the ability to put ourselves in their shoes, and the will to enter their world through the magic of imagination, creates this shock of recognition. Without this empathy there can be no genuine dialogue, and we as individuals and nations will remain isolated and alien, segregated and fragmented. *Azar Nafisi*

I believe that it is only through empathy, that the pain experienced by an Algerian woman, a North Korean dissident, a Rwandan child or an Iraqi prisoner, becomes real to me and not just passing news. And it is at times like this when I ask myself, am I prepared — like Huck Finn — to give up Sunday school heaven for the kind of hell that Huck chose*? Azar Nafisi*

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| **Daniel Goleman** | |
| [http://cultureofempathy.com/Images/History/Expert/Expert24.jpg](http://www.edge.org/3rd_culture/bios/goleman.html) | "Reducing the economic gap may be impossible without also addressing the gap in empathy."  *Daniel Goleman*  "Empathy represents the foundation skill for all the social competencies important for work."  *Daniel Goleman*  "Empathic, emotionally intelligent work environments have a good track record of increasing creativity, improving problem solving and raising productivity."  *Daniel Goleman*  If your emotional abilities aren't in hand, if you don't have self-awareness, if you are not able to manage your distressing emotions, if you can't have empathy and have effective relationships, then no matter how smart you are, you are not going to get very far.*Daniel Goleman*  "Self-absorption in all its forms kills empathy, let alone compassion. When we focus on ourselves, our world contracts as our problems and preoccupations loom large. But when we focus on others, our world expands. Our own problems drift to the periphery of the mind and so seem smaller, and we increase our capacity for connection-or compassionate action." [*Social Intelligence*](http://books.google.com/books?id=mEKCDGXHVmMC&printsec=frontcover&dq=Social+Intelligence++Daniel+Goleman&ei=gp4RS4m8NZnUkgS80fXiCw#v=onepage&q=empathy&f=false) *by Daniel Goleman*  "Empathetic people are superb at recognizing and meeting the needs of clients, customers, or subordinates. They seem approachable, wanting to hear what people have to say. They listen carefully, picking up on what people are truly concerned about, and respond on the mark,"   *Primal Leadership.*  The act of compassion begins with full attention, just as rapport does. You have to really see the person. If you see the person, then naturally, empathy arises. If you tune into the other person, you feel with them. If empathy arises and if that person is in dire need, then empathic concern can come. You want to help them, and then that begins a compassionate act. So I'd say that compassion begins with attention. *Daniel Goleman*  If you are not able to manage your distressing emotions, if you can't have empathy and have effective relationships, then no matter how smart you are, you are not going to get very far." Daniel Goleman  "Simple inattention kills empathy, let alone compassion. So the first step in compassion is to notice the other's need. It all begins with the simple act of attention." *Daniel Goleman, author of Emotional Intelligence*  "Leaders with empathy do more than sympathize with people around them: they use their knowledge to improve their companies in subtle, but important ways."  *Daniel Goleman* |

**George Washington Carver**  
"How far you go in life depends on you being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving and tolerant of the weak and the strong. Because someday in life you will have been all of these. " *George Washington Carver*

**J.K. Rowling**  
“Imagination is not only the uniquely human capacity to envision that which is not - and therefore the fount of all invention and innovation - in its’ arguably most transformative and revelatory capacity it is the power that enables us to empathize with humans whose experiences we have never shared.” ― *J.K. Rowling*

**Jack Handey**  
“Before you criticize someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes. That way when you criticize them, you are a mile away from them and you have their shoes.” *Jack Handey*

**Maya Angelou**  
"I think we all have empathy. We may not have enough courage to display it." - *Maya Angelou*  
  
"Each one of us has lived through some devastation, some loneliness, some weather super-storm or spiritual super-storm, when we look at each other we must say, I understand. I understand how you feel because I have been there myself. We must support each other and empathize with each other because each of us is more alike than we are unalike."  *Maya Angelou*

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| **Meryl Streep** | |
| [http://cultureofempathy.com/Images/History/Expert/Quotes5.gif](http://www.nps.gov/calo/parknews/11-24-06-11-24-06.htm) | “The great gift of human beings is that we have the power of empathy, we can all sense a mysterious connection to each other.” *Meryl Streep*  I've thought a lot about the power of empathy. In my work, it's the current that connects me and my actual pulse to a fictional character in a made up story, it allows me to feel, pretend feelings and sorrows and imagined pain... *Meryl Streep*  My own sense of well-being and purpose in the world. That comes from studying the world feelingly, with empathy in my work. It comes from staying alert and alive and involved in the lives of the people that I love and the people in the wider world who need my help.  *Meryl Streep*  I've thought a lot about the power of **empathy**. In my work, it's the current that connects me and my actual pulse to a fictional character in a made up story, it allows me to feel, pretend feelings and sorrows and imagined pain. *Meryl Streep*  I thought, "Why? and how did we evolve with this weak and useless passion in tact within the deep heart's core?" And the answer as I've formulated it to myself is that **empathy** is the engine that powers all the best in us*.   Meryl Streep* |

**Ron Paul**  
[Instead of Bombs and Bribes, Let’s Try Empathy and Trade](http://original.antiwar.com/paul/2009/10/05/instead-of-bombs-and-bribes/)  
Sadly, one thing that has entirely escaped modern American foreign policy is empathy. Without much humility or regard for human life, our foreign policy has been reduced to alternately bribing and bombing other nations, all with the stated goal of "promoting democracy." But if a country democratically elects a leader who is not sufficiently pro-American, our government will refuse to recognize them, will impose sanctions on them, and will possibly even support covert efforts to remove them. Democracy is obviously not what we are interested in. [*Rep. Ron Paul*](http://original.antiwar.com/author/paul/)*, October 06, 2009*

**Walt Whitman**  
"In all people I see myself - none more, and not one a barleycorn less;  
And the good or bad I say of myself, I say of them. "  
[*Walt Whitman*](http://poetry.about.com/od/poems/l/blwhitmansong.htm)

"The mother condemned for a witch and burnt with dry  
wood, and her children gazing on;  
The hounded slave that flags in the race and leans by the  
fence, blowing and covered with sweat,  
The twinges that sting like needles his legs and neck,  
The murderous buckshot and the bullets,  
All these I feel or am."  
*WALT WHITMAN, Song of Myself*

Source: <http://cultureofempathy.com/Projects/Bios/EdwinRutsch/>

Thinking and Communicating with Clarity and Precision



A man who has committed a mistake and doesn't correct it

is committing another mistake.

Confucius

Communicating with Clarity and Precision is the Habit of Mind we will study this week. It is important to think about what you say and how you say it when you both speak and write. Taking time to organize your thoughts is necessary so others will understand you. Using precise language and organized ideas avoids confusion and helps the interchange of ideas.

Do you talk to make noise or to tell somebody something? People are very different, and what you think they already understand may not be so. It is important to “tell them what you want to tell them, and tell them”, and then sometimes “tell them what you told them” to make the point extra clear. We want to orient people to what we are going to talk about. When we write a paper we have an introduction. When we talk to someone we should address the issue right away. We should talk and write with precision, avoiding generalizations and tangents. We should support what we communicate with explanations and evidence to help support our ideas.

The main point of communicating is so that others can understand you. When you are precise and clear, you show you are organized, and others appreciate this and see that you have confidence in what you say. If you have the habit of mind of being clear you will consistently seem confident and this will help you in school and at work.

**Quotes on clarity and precision**

(compiled from <http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/>)

[There are six quotes. Put the class into six groups and give each group one quote. Have each group read their quote. Vocabulary will be covered after reading aloud the quotes].

“A lack of clarity could put the brakes on any journey to success.”   
― [Steve Maraboli](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4491185.Steve_Maraboli), [*Life, the Truth, and Being Free*](http://www.goodreads.com/work/quotes/14708444)

“When the meaning is unclear there is no meaning.”   
― [Marty Rubin](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/1936218.Marty_Rubin)

“Seeking clarity is not turning from your path; it is unblocking the view that other people have created intentionally or unintentionally, in order for you to continue on your journey joyfully.”   
― [Shannon L. Alder](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/1391130.Shannon_L_Alder)

“Those who know that they are profound strive for clarity. Those who would like to seem profound to the crowd strive for obscurity. For the crowd believes that if it cannot see to the bottom of something it must be profound. It is so timid and dislikes going into the water.”   
― [Friedrich Nietzsche](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/1938.Friedrich_Nietzsche)

“Don't go in for the "yellowish" if what you need is "yellow". The attitude called precision is the quality that remarks the accuracy of your demand. Never settle for the less; Go for the exact thing!”   
― [Israelmore Ayivor](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/7023141.Israelmore_Ayivor)

“In life, you can learn a lot by simply watching the water.”   
― [Lionel Suggs](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4824163.Lionel_Suggs)

**Poem by Lao Tzu**

*It is part of the cosmic law that what you say and do determines*

*what happens in your life.*

*The ordinary person thinks that this law is external to himself*

*and he feels confined and controlled by it.*

*So his desires trouble his mind, his mind troubles his spirit,*

*and he lives in constant turmoil with himself and the world.*

*His whole life is spent in struggling.*

*The superior person recognizes that he and the subtle law are one.*

*Therefore he cultivates himself to accord with it, bringing*

*moderation to his actions and clarity to his mind.*

*Doing this, he finds himself at one with all that is divine and enlightened.*

*This is the profound, simple truth:*

*You are the master of your life and death.*

*What you do is what you are.*

***One Grain of Rice*** a mathematical folktale by Demi

(taken from: <http://jwilson.coe.uga.edu/EMT668/EMAT6680.F99/Martin/instructional%20unit/day4.exponential/excel/grainofrice.html>)

Long ago in India, there lived a raja who believed he was wise and fair, as a raja should be. The people in his province were rice farmers. The raja decreed that everyone must give nearly all of their rice to him. "I will store the rice safely," the raja promised the people, "so that in time of famine, everyone will have rice to eat, and no one will go hungry." Each year, the raja's rice collectors gathered nearly all of the people's rice and carried it away to the royal storehouses.

For many years, the rice grew well. The people gave nearly all of their rice to the raja, and the storehouses were always full. But the people were left with only enough rice to get by. Then one year the rice grew badly and there was famine and hunger. The people had no rice to give to the raja, and they had no rice to eat. The raja's ministers implored him, "Your highness, let us open the royal storehouses and give the rice to the people, as you promised." "No!" cried the raja. How do I know how long the famine will last? I must have the rice for myself. Promise or no promise, a raja must not go hungry!"

Time went on, and the people grew more and more hungry. But the raja would not give out the rice. One day, the raja ordered a feast for himself and his court--as, it seemed to him, a raja should now and then, even when there is famine. A servant led an elephant from a royal storehouse to the palace, carrying two full baskets of rice. A village girl named Rani saw that a trickle of rice was falling from one of the baskets. Quickly she jumped up and walked along beside the elephant, catching the falling rice in her skirt. She was clever, and she began to make a plan.

At the palace, a guard cried, "Halt, thief! Where are you going with that rice?"

"I am not a thief," Rani replied. "This rice fell from one of the baskets, and I am returning it now to the raja."

When the raja heard about Rani's good deed, he asked his ministers to bring her before him."I wish to reward you for returning what belongs to me," the raja said to Rani. "Ask me for anything, and you shall have it."

"Your highness," said Rani, "I do not deserve any reward at all. But if you wish, you may give me one grain of rice."

"Only one grain of rice?" exclaimed the raja. "Surely you will allow me to reward you more plentifully, as a raja should."

"Very well," said Rani. "If it pleased Your Highness, you may reward me in this way. Today, you will give me a single grain of rice. Then, each day for thirty days you will give me double the rice you gave me the day before. Thus, tomorrow you will give me two grains of rice, the next day four grains of rice, and so on for thirty day."

"This seems to be a modest reward," said the raja. "But you shall have it."

And Rani was presented with a single grain of rice.

The next day, Rani was presented with two grains of rice.

And the following day, Rani was presented with four grains of rice.

On the ninth day, Rani was presented with two hundred fifty-six grains of rice. She had received in all five hundred and eleven grains of rice, enough for only a small handful. "This girl is honest, but not very clever," thought the raja. "She would have gained more rice by keeping what fell into her skirt!"

On the twelfth day, Rani received two thousand and forty-eight grains of rice, about four handfuls.

On the thirteenth day, she received four thousand and ninety-six grains of rice, enough to fill a bowl.

On the sixteenth day, Rani was presented with a bag containing thirty-two thousand, seven hundred and sixty-eight grains of rice. All together she had enough rice for two bags. "This doubling up adds up to

more rice than I expected" thought the raja. "But surely her reward won't amount to much more."

On the twentieth day, Rani was presented with sixteen more bags filled with rice.

On the twenty-first day, she received one million, forty-eight thousand, five hundred and seventy-six grains of rice, enough to fill a basket.

On the twenty-fourth day, Rani was presented with eight million, three hundred and eighty-eight thousand, six hundred and eight grains of rice--enough to fill eight baskets, which were carried to her by eight royal deer.

On the twenty-seventh day, thirty-two brahma bulls were needed to deliver sixty-four baskets of rice. The raja was deeply troubled. "One grain of rice has grown very great indeed," he thought. "But I shall fulfill the reward to the end, as a raja should."

On the twenty-ninth day, Rani was presented with the contents of two royal storehouses.

On the thirtieth and final day, two hundred and fifty-six elephants crossed the province, carrying the contents of the last four royal storehouses--Five hundred and thirty-six million, eight hundred and seventy thousand, nine hundred and twelve grains of rice.

All together, Rani had received more than one billion grains of rice. The raja had no more rice to give.

"And what will you do with this rice," said the raja with a sigh, "now that I have none?"

"I shall give it to all the hungry people," said Rani, "and I shall leave a basket of rice for you, too, if you promise from now on to take only as much rice as you need."

"I promise," said the raja. And for the rest of his days, the raja was truly wise and fair, as a raja should be.

**Solar-Powered Plane**

May 6, 2013

By Cameron Keady with AP reporting

It’s a bird! It’s a plane! It’s the Solar Impulse! On May 3, 2013, aviation history was made when a solar-powered airplane, named Solar Impulse, began a journey across the United States. The plane’s creators, André Borshberg and Bertrand Piccard of Switzerland, are taking turns piloting the aircraft as it crosses the nation. “All the big pioneers of the 20th century have tried to fly coast to coast across America,” said Piccard, who was in the pilot’s seat at takeoff. “So now we’re trying to do this, but on solar power with no fuel.

**Across America**

Solar Impulse departed from Moffett Federal Airfield, in Northern California, just after dawn on May 3. Traveling at around 40 miles per hour, the plane will make its voyage in five separate trips. Each flight leg will take 19 to 25 hours with 10-day stops in each city. The first leg of the journey, from California to Phoenix, Arizona, was completed in 20 hours. From Phoenix, Solar Impulse will make stops in Dallas, TX, St. Louis, MO, and Washington, DC, before ending its last leg in New York City in early July. Solar Impulse’s journey marks the first time an airplane powered exclusively by solar energy will fly across the country during both the day and the night.

***Plane Power***

The solar-powered plane is a single-seat aircraft. “Our plane is not designed to carry a passenger, but to carry a message,” Piccard has said numerous times. That message is to use innovative, clean technologies for energy efficiency. Solar Impulse is intended to make its cross-country voyage without using a single drop of fuel. By day, 12,000 solar cells are charged by the sun to power lithium batteries. That enables the plane to fly at night—but it cannot travel through clouds.

Solar Impulse weighs just 3,500 lbs., about as much as a car. Most of the weight is from the solar panels that cover its wings, which stretch 208 feet. The aircraft has reached an absolute altitude of 30,300 feet and has completed a trip that lasted more than 26 hours. This adventure is Solar Impulse’s final trip before its creators attempt an around-the-world flight in 2015. “We want to show that with clean technologies, a passionate team, and a far-reaching pioneering vision, one can achieve the impossible,” Piccard said in a statement.

**“Team Sports: Crew and Rowing”**

**from *It’s My Life*, PBSKids** http://pbskids.org/itsmylife/body/teamsports/article4.html

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You're gripping a long pole, using all your energy to keep moving forward, getting wet from the sweat of your effort and the water that's all around you.

Are you:

Skimming leaves off a swimming pool?

In a stilt race across a raging river?

Fighting a light saber duel in a thunderstorm?

NO! You're rowing as part of a crew team!

In some team sports, play often focuses on an individual player, like when a football quarterback throws for a touchdown or a soccer forward kicks for a goal. But in rowing (also called crew), it's always about the team working together as a single unit, like a perfectly tuned machine. If you value teamwork and cooperation above individual stardom, crew may be just the sport for you!

As long as there's a team or club in your area, rowing is one of the easiest sports to get started in because there are very few rules or techniques to get used to.

Athletes who row crew need upper and lower body strength, plus plenty of endurance for long races. Rowing also requires agility, grace, and the ability to get perfectly in sync with your teammates.

Crew Basics:

* 1. There are two types of rowing. In sculling, the rowers have an oar in each hand, while in sweep rowing, they have both hands on a single oar.
  2. Team rowing is usually in teams of 2, 4, or 8. In teams of 4 or 8, there's often an extra person in the boat called a coxswain who coaches the rowers and steers the boat instead of rowing.
  3. One of the most important terms in crew is SPM, or Strokes Per Minute. The more strokes a team can row in a minute, the faster the boat will move through the water.

Cool Crew and Rowing Facts:

* Rowing is the oldest college sport in America.
* In the U.S., one of the biggest events in rowing is the Harvard/Yale race, which was first held in 1852. In England, the big event is the Oxford/Cambridge race, first held in 1829.
* Modern crew boats are called shells, and are constructed of a carbon fiber that's very light in weight. Shells used for teams of 8 are about 60 feet long!
* Rowing gives an athlete a great workout on both the upper and lower body, and is a low-impact exercise. This is why rowing machines are so popular at the gym.
* Many coxswains are girls or guys who are a little bit smaller or lighter than their teammates. So if you're worried that your lack of height or weight means you can't be involved in team sports, this may be the perfect position for you!

What Kids Are Saying About Crew and Rowing:

“I have an older brother who rows eights for his high-school team. I want to row eights or fours someday. It's the coolest school sport there is." --Brian, 12

“Rowing is a really fun sport to do, and to watch! Every year we have a regatta, where all different schools come to race." --Bryce, 11

“I know a girl who's a coxswain on a boy's rowing team! She tells them how fast to row, and is in charge of all the practices!" --Veronica, 11

Get Involved!

If you live near a lake or river where crew events are held, then there's probably a boathouse where the races are organized. Have an adult contact the boathouse and ask about crew team opportunities for kids.

Another great source of information is USRowing, the national governing body of rowing and crew. They have plenty of information about crew teams and clubs across the country, and you can reach them at (800) 314-4ROW. They also have a Web site at [www.usrowing.org](http://pbskids.org/cgi-registry/kidsbridge.cgi?context=itsmylife_team2).

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“The Motion of Rowing, and the Physics Behind It”

by M.J. Joachim, Yahoo! Contributor Network

Feb 28, 2009

The goal of rowing is to create enough power, that the boat will travel a long distance, with minimal work. Power is the force that drives the boat. The distance travelled is the motion of the boat in the water. The minimal work is the energy required to make the boat move. Matter is the water the boat must move through, to complete the physics equation of rowing.

Physics is an important part of rowing. Several rowing terms deal with how the boat will move through the water, by the power of the stroke. The stroke is affected by the strength of the legs. When the legs are correctly aligned with the body, the boat travels further through the water, using less energy per stroke.

Rowing Terms

1. Friction: water resistance during the rowing motion

2. Drag: the draw of the stroke that pulls the boat forward

3. Resistance: the force (water) the stroke must move through to build up momentum, and continue moving forward

4. Buoyancy: the power created by the floatation of the rowboat

5. Waves: the rush of water made from many strokes

6. Leverage: the mechanical power gained by the oar

7. Erg: the unit of energy created by the force of the stroke

Newton's Laws of Motion

Sir Isaac Newton was a 16th century English physicist and mathematician. He developed 3 laws of motion that define what happens when objects move through matter. His ideas were based on external forces, momentum, and reaction. Newton's Laws of Motion are:

A. A body continues in a state of rest or uniform motion unless acted upon by an external force.

B. The rate of change of momentum is proportionate to the force applied.

C. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction.

Therefore, once the oar begins moving through the water, friction is created by the force of the water. The water resists the momentum of the stroke, by opposing its leverage.

The physics of rowing explains the mechanics of perfecting strokes to gain speed. It is about balance, velocity, and inertia. The mechanics of rowing is naturally affected by the people moving the oars through the water. The combination of these two factors determines the final outcome.

When the spirit of the team is added to the equation, several things happen. Motivation, team work, and leadership are now factors that contribute to or take away from the energy source.

These are the elements of rowing that physics cannot define. They are the source of inspiration, the agony of defeat, and the exhilaration of victory.

Henry David Thorough  
Walden (excerpt)

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

Creating, Imagining and Innovating





The future is not some place we are going to but one we are creating. The paths are not to be

found, but made, and the activity of making them changes both the maker and the destination.

John Schaar, Political Scientist,

University of Santa Clara

**“Big Drinks Are Back”**

**A state judge in New York strikes down a ban on large-sized sugary beverages**

**MARCH 13, 2013**

**By Alice Park for TIME with AP reporting**

On Monday, State Supreme Court Justice Milton Tingling struck down New York City’s ban on big sugary drinks just hours before it was supposed to take effect. The law would have banned the sale of sugared beverages larger than 16 oz. at New York restaurants, mobile food carts, sports arenas and movie theaters.

Tingling said the ban would have left people with many other ways to consume sugary drinks. “The loopholes in this rule effectively defeat the stated purpose of this rule,” he wrote.

Although the ban was widely supported by health professionals, it was not popular with food retailers or many city residents. They asked, why single out sugared sodas, when there are many reasons why people are overweight? And if sugared beverages are being targeted, why not take stronger measures against other sources of sugar, such as candy and other sweets?

The American Beverage Association (ABA) and other opponents of the rule supported the judge's decision. “The court ruling provides a sigh of relief to New Yorkers and thousands of small businesses in New York City that would have been harmed by this unpopular ban,” an ABA spokesperson said.

Health in the Big Apple

New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg led the ban on large drinks. He aimed to cut obesity rates in the U.S., where at least two-thirds of American adults are considered overweight. Bloomberg says the city will appeal the judge’s decision. “We believe the judge is totally in error in how he interpreted the law, and we are confident we will win on appeal,” Bloomberg said.

More than half of New York City adults and nearly 40 percent of the city’s public elementary and middle school students are considered overweight.

New York City’s Board of Health members believe that banning mega-sized drinks is an important step toward helping consumers not only to drink fewer calories, but may also encourage people to make other healthy changes to their diet. The board reviewed data showing that sugared drinks make up 43 percent of the added sugar in the average American diet. Now, with big drinks back on store shelves, New Yorkers will make their own choices about how to stay healthy.

What do you think? Should the government ban large sugary drinks to help consumers make healthier choices? Or should people be allowed make their own choices about beverage size? Vote in the TFK poll below!

**Gabby Douglas biography**

**from** [**http://www.biography.com/print/profile/gabby-douglas-20900057**](http://www.biography.com/print/profile/gabby-douglas-20900057)

Quick Facts

* NAME: Gabby Douglas
* OCCUPATION:[Gymnast](http://www.biography.com/people/groups/athletes/gymnasts/)
* BIRTH DATE:[December 31](http://www.biography.com/people/groups/born-on-december-31/), 1995 (Age: 17)
* PLACE OF BIRTH: Virginia Beach, [Virginia](http://www.biography.com/people/groups/born-in-virginia/)
* Nickname: Flying Squirrel
* AKA: Gabby Douglas
* Full Name: Gabrielle Christina Victoria Douglas
* ZODIAC SIGN: [Capricorn](http://www.biography.com/people/groups/capricorn/)

Best Known For

Olympic gymnast Gabby Douglas is best known as the first African American to win the individual all-around event. She also won a team gold medal for the U.S. at the 2012 Summer Olympics.

Synopsis

Gabrielle Douglas was born on December 31, 1995, in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Gabby Douglas began formal gymnastics training at 6 years old and won a state championship by the time she was 8. She moved away from her hometown and family in 2010 to pursue training with a world-renowned Olympic trainer, and was selected to compete with the U.S. Olympic women's gymnastics team at the 2012 Summer Olympics. There, Douglas became the first African American to win gold in the individual all-around event. She also won a team gold medal with teammates [Aly Raisman](http://www.biography.com/people/aly-raisman-20900231), [Kyla Ross](http://www.biography.com/people/kyla-ross-20900381), [McKayla Maroney](http://www.biography.com/people/mckayla-maroney-20900395) and [Jordyn Wieber](http://www.biography.com/people/jordyn-wieber-20900085).

Early Life

American gymnast Gabrielle Christina Victoria Douglas, better known as Gabby Douglas or "Flying Squirrel," was born on December 31, 1995, in Virginia Beach, Virginia, to Timothy Douglas and Natalie Hawkins. Her first experience with gymnastics came at the age of 3, when she perfected a straight cartwheel using a technique that she learned from her older sister, Arielle, a former gymnast. By age 4, Douglas had taught herself how to do a one-handed cartwheel.

Thanks to Arielle's persuasion tactics, Douglas's mother allowed her to begin taking formal gymnastics classes at the age of 6. Only two years later, in 2004, she was named a Virginia State Gymanstics Champion.

Gymnastic Achievements

When Douglas turned 14, she left her hometown and family, and moved to West Des Moines, Iowa, to train with renowned coach Liang Chow, known for molding American gymnast [Shawn Johnson](http://www.biography.com/people/shawn-johnson-20830353) into a world champion and Olympic gold medalist. Travis and Missy Parton volunteered to be Douglas's host family in West Des Moines: According to Douglas's official website, she plays big sister to the Parton's four daughters, one of whom is also a student of Chow's.

At the 2010 [Nastia Liukin](http://www.biography.com/people/nastia-liukin-20845035) SuperGirl Cup -- a televised meet held in Massachusetts -- Douglas made her debut on the national scene, placing fourth all-around. She also placed third on the balance beam, sixth on vault and ninth all-around in the junior division of her first elite meet, the 2010 CoverGirl classic in Chicago, Illinois. Douglas went on to win the silver medal on balance beam and fourth all-around at the 2010 U.S. Junior National Championships, and then took the uneven bars title at the 2010 Pan American Championships. Her performance at that event also placed Douglas at fifth all-around and won her a share of the U.S. team gold medal.

Douglas was a member of the U.S. team that won the gold medal in the team finals at the 2011 World Artistic Gymnastics Championships in Tokyo, Japan. She also won the 2012 Olympic Trials, which took place in San Jose, California, and was selected to the national team that will represent the United States at the 2012 Summer Olympics in London, England.

"Her unique blend of power, flexibility, body alignment and form has led her to be compared with three-time Olympian [Dominique Dawes](http://www.biography.com/people/dominique-dawes-21196279)," states an article on *American-Gymnast.com.* Douglas is the first African American to make the U.S. Olympic women's gymnastics team since Dawes in 2000. She aims to be the second African American woman to win an individual medal, according to a June 2012 *Los Angeles Times* article.

The *American-Gymnast.com* article reported that Douglas's high-flying skills and high difficulty score on bars liken her to Dawes and enticed her to U.S. women's national team coordinator Martha Karoyli, who nicknamed her "Flying Squirrel."

By 2012, 16-year-old Douglas had proven herself a champion, going from underdog to Olympian in a short time. She became the subject of significant media attention in the summer of 2012: She was featured on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* in early July of 2012, along with the rest of the U.S. Olympic women's gymnastics team, and on one of five covers released by *TIME Magazine* that same month.

2012 Olympics

At the 2012 Summer Olympic Games, Douglas and other members of the U.S. Olympic women's gymnastics team -- Kyla Ross, McKayla Maroney, Aly Raisman and Jordyn Wieber -- took home a team gold medal. Fans worldwide watched as judges announced the team's medal win -- the first gold medal for the American women's gymnastics team since 1996.

Douglas went on to compete in the individual all-around event, and became the first African American to win gold in the prestigious event. Following her two golds, she competed in the individual uneven bars and individual beam events, but failed to medal in either, placing eight and seventh, respectively.

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**“Bringing Eyeglass to the Third World”**

**from *What Kids Can Do***

**By Danielle Hensley, 14, and Brianna Starks, 15**

**Y-Press, Inc.**

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, IL—Before 2008, Janice Guzon never gave a second thought to good eyesight. Thumbing through magazines while doing research in the library that summer, she noticed that few people from Third World countries wore eyeglasses. She just assumed that they all had really good vision, unlike her.

In July, she realized her assumption was wrong. Her family received a letter from her aunt in the Philippines, asking for money.

“She said that she couldn’t work because she couldn’t see, therefore she couldn’t get the money to buy the eyeglasses,” Janice recalled. “It was really just a vicious cycle.”

Janice wondered why her aunt had to ask for help with such a minor expense. But in many countries, eyeglasses can cost as much as a year’s salary. An eye exam can cost as much as a month’s salary.

According to the [World Health Organization](http://www.who.int/en/), about 153 million people in the world suffer from poor eyesight. Of that number, 138 million live in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Janice, 17, a recent graduate of Saint Viator High School in Arlington Heights, Ill., decided to do something to help her aunt and others like her. Soon after receiving her aunt’s letter she founded EYEsee with a goal of “improving the vision of the needy in poorer countries and in so doing alleviate some of the poverties in the world,” according to her mission statement.

To start, Janice gathered friends from her school and they decided to collect eyeglasses. Three weeks later, they had a Web site: EYEseemission.org. Soon after, they had their first partner: Eye Care We Care Foundation Inc., a nonprofit Christian international organization that performs medical mission trips to various needy areas, including the Philippines. Its founder, Dr. Jim Weyrich, offered the group a lensometer to determine the prescriptions of eyeglasses.

Collaboration around the globe

EYEsee spends half of the year collecting glasses and monetary donations. More than 60 volunteers enlist the help of various organizations, such as schools, retirement centers and churches. Youth volunteers work closely with area elementary schools, providing workshops on how to run a campaign along with marketing and communications materials.

“We just kind of gave them our guidance in running their own collection wherever they’d want to,” Janice explained.

EYEsee collect about 7,000 glasses each year. Volunteers then measure the strength of the glasses and send them out to their various partners overseas.

“We collaborate with missions at Haiti, Venezuela, Honduras, the Philippines, Kenya, Uganda, the Marshall Islands and Micronesia,” Janice said. “They send us mission reports to let us know where these eyeglasses are going in particular, and then we ask them to send us pictures or videos so we can see where all these eyeglasses have gone and the personal stories that come with these donations,” she said.

Some of the stories have been heart breaking. Janice described one woman who had been legally blind most of her life. “They fitted her with tester eyeglasses, and as soon as she wore them she could see for the very first time, and she wouldn’t let them go. And the doctors tried to explain that these were just tester eyeglasses, and when they finally convinced her to give them up, she started crying and crying, and eventually even the doctors and the staff were crying with her.”

Chris Santucci, 16, is campaign manager of EYEsee. He talks with church leaders and business owners about the group’s mission and helps set up collection booths and answer questions.

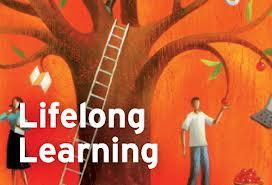
“EYEsee has just really opened me up to a whole ’nother world. I mean, sure we’ve all heard about poverty, we’ve all heard about poor health care in some of these countries, but it’s not really that easy for us to put a face on it.”

This fall, Janice will be attending the University of Chicago and plans to continue the program there. Other Saint Viator graduates vow to do the same.

“I’m encouraging them to run their own campaigns, whichever school they go to,” she said. “Our mission is to go nationwide at some point and have chapters throughout the nation.”

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**Learning Continuously**



Intelligent people are in a continuous learning mode. Their confidence, in combination with

their inquisitiveness, allows them to constantly search for new and better ways. People

with this Habit of Mind are always striving for improvement, always growing, always

learning, always modifying and improving themselves. They seize problems, situations,

tensions, conflicts and circumstances as valuable opportunities to learn.



**When I am older ...**

**1**

**4**

**When I am older, I may want to work as a …**

**The things in my life that I value most are …**

**One way that my life will be different from my parents’ life is …**

**One thing from my current life that I want to maintain is …**

**The best reason for thinking about continuing my education is …**

**My number-one wish for my future self is …**

**Career Questions**

1. How willing are you to work very hard for what you want?

Very — I’ll stick with it and give it my best.

Not very — I give up easily or am lazy.

2. How do you feel about school? Could you see yourself continuing after high school —

or even after college?

I like school so much that I could see myself staying in school for years.

I might get my degree and begin working soon.

3. How comfortable are you working independently?

I love working alone.

I enjoy working with other people.

4. Would you rather have a 9–5 job that stays separate from your life, or would you rather have

your job and your life be one and the same?

I want my job and my life to be separate.

I want my job and my life to overlap. (You are what you do!)

5. How important will your job be, compared to your family?

Work is most important.

Family is all-important.

6. Which is more important, personal fulfillment or material gain?

Personal satisfaction, self-fulfillment, using my abilities

Material success: money, security, power, prestige

7. How often do you think about your future?

Very often

“Future? What future?”

**Career questionnaire**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **Date:** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Ask a family member, friend, or teacher to answer the following questions about his or her career. Write down his/her answers. Be as specific as possible.

**What is your job title?**

**How did you find your job (newspaper ad, employment agency, personal contact, etc.)?**

**What made you decide to work in this career area (chance, parental influence,**

**personal interest, salary, first available job, etc.)?**

**Is this a traditional job for a person of your gender?**

**What qualifications did you need for this job? How much education or training?**

**What duties do you have during a typical day?**

**What do you like best about your work?**

**What do you like least about your work?**

**When you were in school, what career dreams did you have?**

**Did your dreams come true? Why? Why not**

**If you could have your dream career today, what would it be?**

**Career fair interview questions**

1. Would you please describe a typical day or typical tasks in your job?

2. Do you work primarily alone or with others? What are the best and worst things about your work with other people?

3. What do you like best about your work? What do you like least?

4. What are some typical kinds of decisions you have to make at work?

5. What is the salary range for this type of work? What other benefits (health insurance,

vacation time, discounts at local businesses, etc.) come with this job?

6. How does your job affect the rest of your daily life?

7. What kind of training or education does a person need for this job? What are the skills needed for this job?

8. What personal qualities (emotional, physical, and mental) does a person need in order to do well and be happy in your job?

9. What things must you learn in school that help you most in this work? What

hobbies or activities outside of school have important lessons for this work?

10. What can I do now to help prepare me for this career?